

14

Our Boston Trip

AUGUST, 1895

CHILLICOTHE COMMANDERY NO. 8
OF
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO

TRIENNIAL COMMITTEE
OF CHILlicothe COMMANDERY.

CHARLES HOYT,
M. J. KILLITS,
C. Z. ERDMAN,
E. S. ROBINSON,
JAMES H. HOWARD.

OFFICERS OF CHILlicothe COMMANDERY NO. 8,
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

CHARLES HOYT, - - -	<i>Eminent Commander.</i>	JAMES H. HOWARD, - - -	<i>Junior Warden.</i>
FRANK S. DICKEY, - - -	<i>Generalissimo.</i>	F. H. HOPKINS, - - -	<i>Treasurer.</i>
M. J. KILLITS, - - -	<i>Captain-General.</i>	JOHN H. MILLER, - - -	<i>Recorder.</i>
WM. E. EVANS, - - -	<i>Prelate.</i>	C. VON CLAUSBURG - - -	<i>Standard Bearer.</i>
C. D. DUNCAN, - - -	<i>Senior Warden.</i>	JOHN SANFORD, - - -	<i>Sword Bearer.</i>
CHARLES P. MOSHER, - - -	<i>Warder.</i>		

OUR BOSTON TRIP.



THE PEOPLE,—Chillicothe Commandery No. 8, Knights Templar, of Chillicothe, O.,—in departing from our Asylum, on the evening of Wednesday, August 21, will be building up a store of expectancy and enthusiasm to be drawn from in emergencies, which are expected to present themselves at frequent intervals if history dares to repeat herself.

The Norfolk & Western R. R., the first author of our joys, in that our tickets will start to read over that road, have provided an elegant Pullman Vestibuled train for our accommodation.

The familiar sight of the little old "Stern Wheeler" on the Ohio will hardly keep pace with our thoughts,—her paddle wheel seems to clog and groan, to stop,—then the agony of contrast is broken, as we sail behind the Iron Horse of progress, painted with the number and initials of the N. & W.

On to Columbus, the Capital City.—Nothing new; but she's the pride of our state. Following in the wake of the Norfolk & Western, the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Ry., "The Buckeye Route," will chase away old Father Time, as the wheels roll with even cadence through and by Marion, Upper Sandusky, and the minor towns along its excellent line into Toledo.

Toledo.—We will talk about Toledo some other time. She's too full of business just now.

Toledo to Detroit, via the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., is a pretty jaunt of about two hours, making the time of arrival in the "City of the Straits" in the early morning.

Detroit.—Our Rendezvous. For those of us of the Commandery, who are not familiar with this city, let us speak.

When we stop to think, that more tonnage passes through the Detroit River, even under the shadow of the city walls, than is claimed for any other port in the world, can we help but say,—We are glad to come to Detroit, *All Hail!* thou "City of the Straits." Her broad avenues; her churches; schools; her grand Masonic membership, now pressing toward the goal so hard to reach, the acquirement of a Temple, largest and best in the world; these all make us glad to come, sorry to go.

After having raised our banner to catch the breeze, which may perchance float the news of our invasion of the Queen's Dominions on before us, we are taken in charge by the representative of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, "The

Great International Route," landed, cars and all, on the immense car ferry, sailed across the Detroit river, and in less time than we could imagine, started Eastward. Though Britannia rules all here, her flag takes second place, beneath the banner



Burlington Heights.

of Masonic Love — her best and brightest stars are those who wear upon the breast the compass of unbounded charity, measured only by the square of justice. Such stars will you find among the thousands of your Canadian brothers, should you find time to visit them.

While speaking of Canada, we are skirting the shores of Old Lake St. Clair, across the marshes at Belle River, counting the minutes till we reach Chatham, (the war-time fugitive slave town) admiring the scenery between there and the crossing of the River Thames, until this winding stream is lost to view amid the buildings of the prosperous city of London.

London,—a city of about thirty thousand people. Breakfast will here engross our time and guide our inclinations. Beyond London comes Ingersol, Woodstock, Dundas, Hamilton and then Toronto.

A pretty view at Dundas,—Burlington Bay at Hamilton. These two views taken in as the crow flies, serve to brighten the trip.

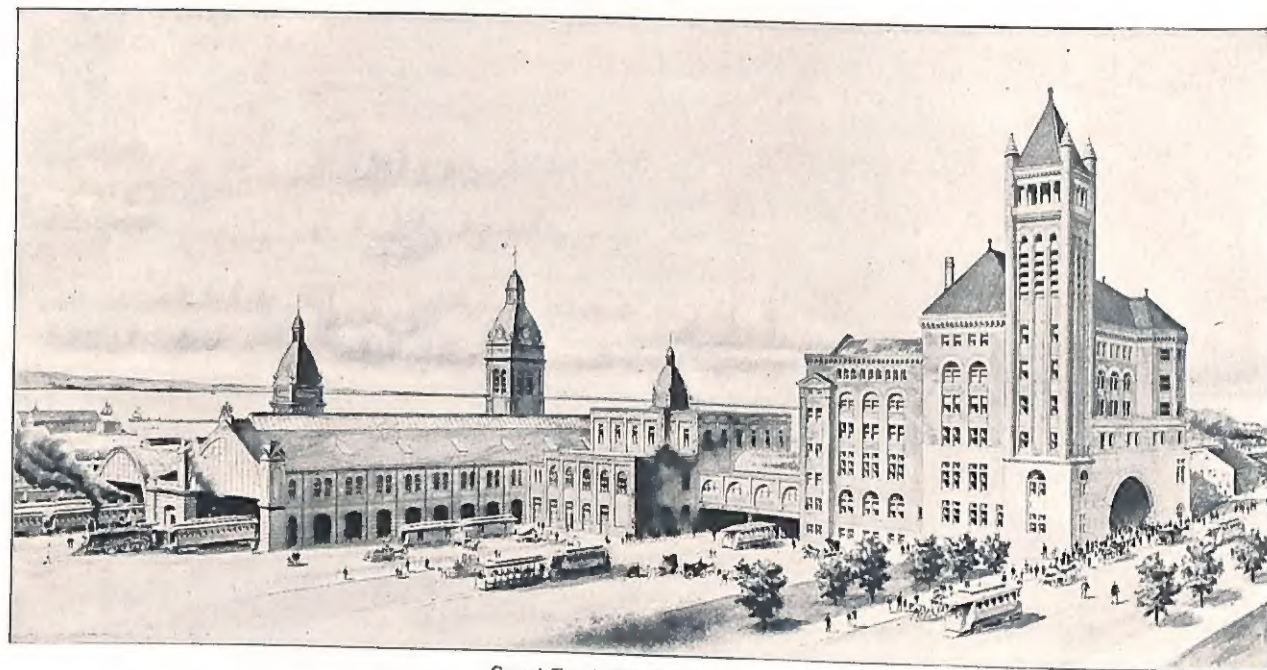
Niagara Falls.—We visit Niagara Falls on the going journey.

"The rushing waters seem to reach a goal
So dark — so deep —
And mingle present, past and future in the fold
Of everlasting sleep."



Niagara Falls.

Toronto,—"The American City of Canada." About two hundred thousand people; as progressive, as hospitable, as patriotic as any, will be glad to have the Knights Templar take a look at them and theirs, be their time short or long,—the longer the better. It's evening, however, and we are on the way to Kingston,—perhaps asleep, but awake to the pleasures and comfort of the trip thus far.

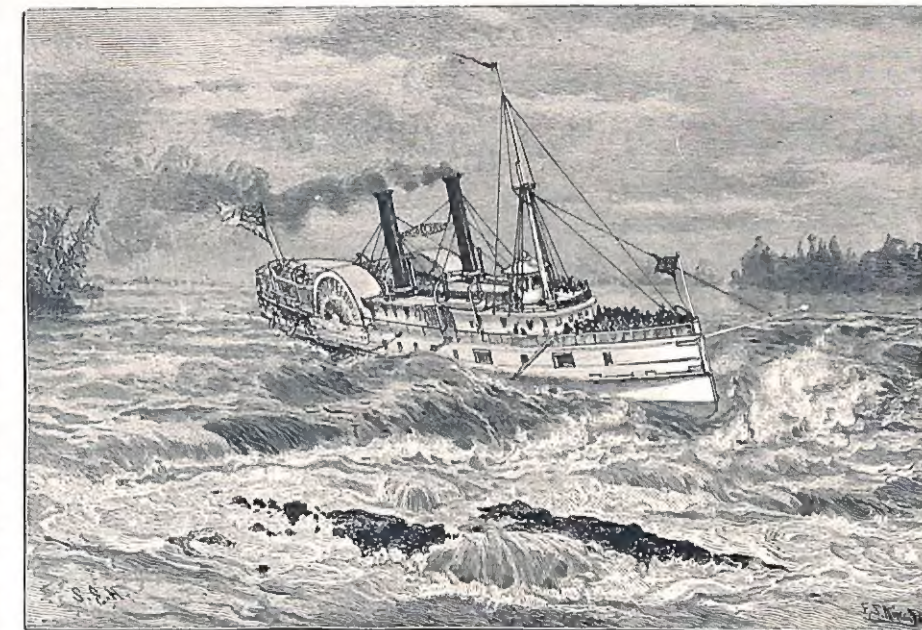


Grand Trunk Ry. Station, Toronto.

Kingston.—The place from which we sail for Montreal, while our sleepers ride the rail alone. *The head of navigation*, as it were, on the *St. Lawrence River*. Do we expect much or little, such expectation will be met, in the variety of sea and shore, in the placid green waters, in the crowning, clustering islands, numbered by the thousands, with the creeping vines, just reaching out in verdant beauty, seeking to spread one color over some cottage or castle by the inland sea, but leaving here and there a spot of other brightness, left for man to paint in self protection, from the wind or rain. The steamer seems to float along, not missing any but the meagre spots, which, left behind or hidden from our view, are by us not counted 'mong the Thousand Islands.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., upon whose steamer we are passengers, have provided breakfast for those who desire to invest a half-dollar in building up the inner man, or for those so bewildered with the changing scenes that they hardly know whether the hunger is for thought or food,—for these, the option is provided.

The Rapids.—The Rapids of the St. Lawrence. You have all heard of the Whirlpool at Niagara Falls, or watched its boiling waters playing with perpetual motion, like the wheels of time, rolling in the minutes, then the hours and days, as grist into a "mill of fate." This St. Lawrence, reflecting a one-time pleasant life, without a ripple hardly in its infancy, grows to age and power, for good or



Shooting the Lachine Rapids.

ill. It holds the key to pleasure, and its rapids, like the "Elephant of the Orient," bears along our "Howdah," in its forced submission to man. But should its kindness turn to hate, its overflowing surges would leave no mark or buoy, to say what story should be told. The Rapids of the St. Lawrence will bring us back to childhood's days, will make us young again. We'll watch the sturdy steamer ride the waves and bear us through the foam, and into pleasant, placid waters once again. The Cascades, the Long Sault, some others less important but very interesting; then as we near Montreal, the famous Lachine will be passed. The impressions of some have been gathered from experience. May we all be as pleasantly impressed.

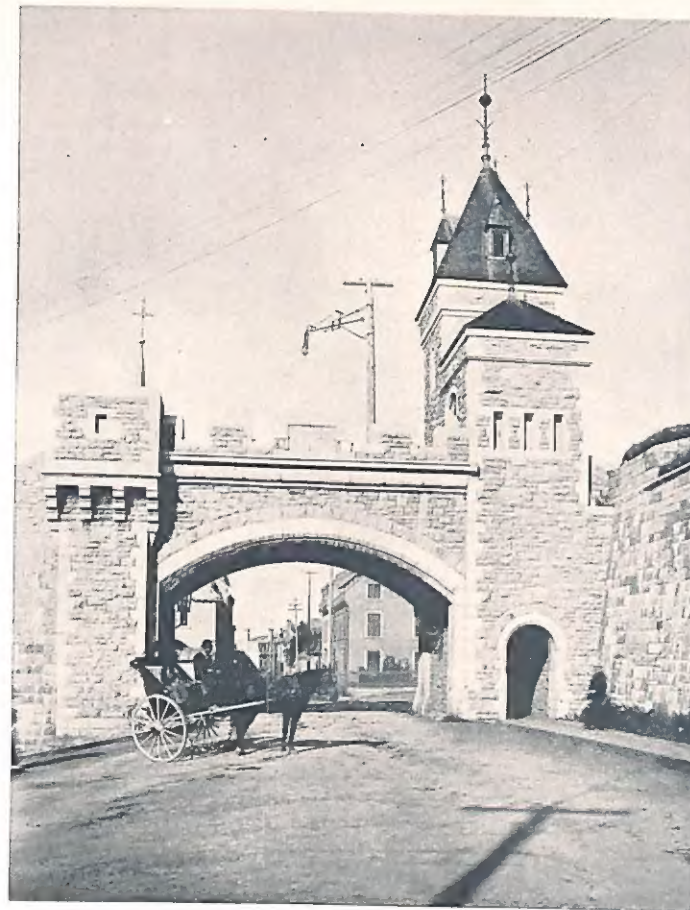


Place d'Armes, Montreal.

Montreal.—This grand city will be reached about six P. M. Her quota of inhabitants has been placed at three hundred thousand. Her churches and cathedrals are many and magnificent; her public buildings are substantial and elegant; her hotels are sufficient in number and capacity to accommodate a vast



Quebec from Levis.



Kent Gate, Quebec.

number of visitors; her streets are well paved, and intercepted at frequent intervals by beautiful little parks, ornamented with fountains and monuments of noted men. These, together with Mount Royal, the mountain just back of the city, and overlooking all the surrounding country, present an attractiveness in general seldom equaled.

Quebec.—Montreal possesses many features of interest, which are indeed so new to the average American visitor. She lies, as it were, on the threshold, dividing the new and the old worlds. Montreal, with her cosmopolite sojourners, serves to introduce us, by degrees, to the changes incident to a visit to Quebec.

Quebec, as old-fashioned as time, as foreign to our present as need be, seems the last link which perhaps binds Canada's eventful past with the new world's present. The day dream of the poet, the hero worshiper, the historian, may be fed from no more interesting food than even a glance at her present antiquity could furnish. He who conjures up the flight of armies over Europe and the Continent, massing now before some stronghold of the enemy, or sees them as at Metz or Paris, entrenched behind massive lines of fortifications, will be brought face to face at Quebec with the foundation facts whereon may be builded a story, brighter, far more grand to us as Americans, than the struggles of Europe could present. Quebec lies at our gates. The pages of history record no greater undertaking than the settlement of America; they record no greater struggles than were borne by Washington and our forefathers for us; neither do they paint a picture surpassing, in historic interest, the French and English struggle for supremacy under these very walls. She lies now as tranquil as death. Overlooking the St. Lawrence, her proud fortifications seem but fitting monuments of departed greatness.

Her old stone walls speak not of this age. The bastions of the old fort, although holding the British cannon in their mouths, and look to long for activity, not sleep, yet is it not the flood-gates of the old, old history of evolution

which, opening, force our thoughts to linger on the then bright side of war. The good old times are left behind; the newer, better times are here. Can we not, as Knights Templar, learn an object lesson at Quebec? Do we not stand on principles stronger and more mighty than these walls of stone, carrying our banners to certain victory in the war of Christian progress, which shall outlive these cannon, these stones, and these monuments?

The whole day will be given up to Quebec from seven in the morning until eight in the evening; then we leave for

Gorham.—“The base of the White Mountains.” We seem to be endeavoring to visit the extremes of nat-



Village of Gorham, N. H.

ure's bounty, as well as the castles of man's imagery. We have thought of war; we have slept in peace, to waken in the bosom of tranquillity, as it were. The pastoral beauty of these Eastern hills, sloping to the valley we are winding through, form a rich border to the frame-work of the White Mountains, just in sight. A stop here will fill our lungs with the freshen-

ing mountain air, and keep us well awake for each developing jewel of the trip. We will arrive at Gorham at eight A. M., and at Portland about noon.

Portland, Me.—Old, staid and sober; puritanical though she may be, still like the "Mayflower," bearing pearls without price, she will welcome the Templars. Portland is a beautiful little city; her harbor is a grand one; her Casco Bay is the only *Casco Bay*, dotted with islands innumerable, and now with pleasure ships galore. The salt water, from her ocean mother, dashes on the piers, built up for commerce, even as it washes clean and white the beaches where the pleasure-seekers roam. The Portland visit will be enjoyed.

Old Orchard Beach.—We have traveled over the Grand Trunk Railway from Detroit, nearly all the way to Portland; we leave it for the Boston & Maine from there to Boston, stopping on its line for a little more pleasure at Old Orchard. The sea bath we have been promised, the pageantry of fashion we enjoy (when it's the fashion), we'll drink in here. The white and smoothly-stretching beaches, famed of all in "Old New England," wait our coming. The numerous great hotels, with inviting wide verandas, with all the other ad-



Old Orchard Beach.

Boston, stopping on its line for a little more pleasure at Old Orchard. The sea bath we have been promised, the pageantry of fashion we enjoy (when it's the fashion), we'll drink in here. The white and smoothly-stretching beaches, famed of all in "Old New England," wait our coming. The numerous great hotels, with inviting wide verandas, with all the other ad-



Beauties of Casco Bay.

juncts of a first-class watering-place, are to be found at Old Orchard. This should tell enough to let you know what to expect. We spend the whole day Sunday at Old Orchard Beach.

Monday Morning, August 26th.—Boston is nearly in sight. The Mecca is but a few hours away, indeed. We are supposed to be there early in the forenoon; we are getting anxious for fear we have spent too much time in dreamland.

The sight of the quaint New England scenery keeps the heart from throbbing until now—we are rolling through the suburbs of "*Bean-town*." We are in the spacious Union depot.

Boston.—For three years we have thought of thee, like a lover of last season's "summer girl," conjuring up the many visions of how she'd look again to us, in all her gay array of bright reception clothes. Boston should not disappoint us. Is she not "*The 'Hub!'*" There will be nothing too good for us here, if within the gift of those dear Fraters who bade us welcome. Her good hotels, her pleasant parks and drives, her old historic "Commons," her own history itself as a "Commonwealth," will fill us full of interest ourselves. It must be given over to each historian to record their individual impressions. We are all here for that purpose.

Return Trip.—Chillicothe Commandery, No. 8, have chosen to return by way of the Fitchburg to Troy or Albany, Hudson River Day Line of Steamers to New York, and Baltimore & Ohio Lines from New York to Chillicothe.

The rail ride on the Fitchburg to the point from which the boat is taken will be uneventful except for the knowledge that the train traverses through one of the prettiest sections of New England. Night-time is the poorest time of all to see the country, hence any description of this portion of the trip must be left wholly to the imagination. We will leave Albany on one of the grand steamers of the Hudson River Day Line. The heat of August will be driven away by pleasant breezes from off the Hudson, and as they gently fan our temples, we can imagine we see in the dim distance the filling sails of Hendrick Hudson's ship of discovery, plowing along, showing us the way down to New York. Numerous beautiful little cities, clustering on the banks, will interest us, and as we pass the Palisades, West Point and the Highlands, we will be too much interested to think of a description we have perused in advance. After seeing the sights in New York, the Harbor, Central Park, and the like, we will be whirled back to Chillicothe on that incomparable route, the Baltimore & Ohio. We have chosen the Baltimore & Ohio as the official line, because of its standard excellence as a railroad, and the picturesqueness of its right of way. We will likely be too full of pleasant impressions to think much of what has been said, so that we will leave it all for all time as subject matter to dream over when pleasant thoughts are uppermost.

TIME CARD.

Leave Chillicothe, . . .	7.00 P. M.,	Wednesday, August 21.	
Arrive Columbus, . . .	8.30 "	"	" "
Leave Columbus, . . .	8.45 "	"	" "
Arrive Toledo, . . .	12.45 A. M.,	Thursday, August 22.	
Leave Toledo, . . .	1.00 "	"	" "
Arrive Detroit, . . .	3.00 "	"	" "
Leave Detroit, . . .	3.30 "	"	" "
Arrive London, . . .	7.30 "	"	" " Breakfast.
Leave London, . . .	8.00 "	"	" "
Arrive Niagara Falls, .	12.00 NOON,	"	" "
Leave Niagara Falls, .	8.00 P. M.,	"	" "
Arrive Kingston, . . .	4.00 A. M.,	Friday, August 23.	
Leave Kingston, . . .	5.30 "	"	" " R. & O. Boat.
Arrive Montreal, . . .	5.30 P. M.,	"	" "
Leave Montreal, . . .	10.00 "	"	" "
Arrive Quebec, . . .	7.00 A. M.,	Saturday, August 24.	
Leave Quebec, . . .	8.00 P. M.,	"	" "
Arrive Groveton, . . .	6.30 A. M.,	Sunday, August 25.	Breakfast.
Arrive Portland, . . .	11.30 "	"	" "
Leave Portland, . . .	2.30 P. M.,	"	" "
Arrive Old O. Beach, .	3.00 "	"	" "
Leave Old O. Beach, .	"	"	" "
Arrive Boston, . . .	EARLY,	Monday, August 26.	